

AN
EPISTLE

TO THE

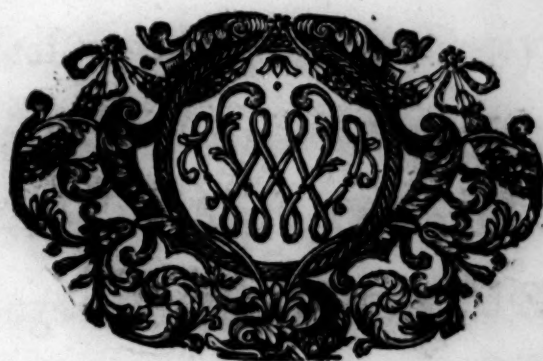
Late Dr. GARTH,

Occasion'd by the DEATH

OF THE

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

By Mr. *WELSTED*.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PEELE, at *Locke's Head* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row. M.DCC.XXII.

15223.2/3
15223.2/3
15223.2/3

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

EPICUREAN

TO THE

Late Dr. GARTH

Occasioned by the Death

OF THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

By Mr. WEST



LONDON:

Printed for J. PEARCE at Locke's Head in Patern.

West-Rox. MDCCLXXII.



A N
E P I S T L E
TO THE

Late Doctor *GARTH*, &c.



FROM the fair Banks of *Thame* this Verse
I send,

To those blest Realms, that late receiv'd
my Friend,

Where vernal Seasons smile without Decay,
And purple Skies indulge a purer Day:
Nor shall the Verse, (if, haply, Care invades
For human Things the conscious learned Shades,)
Ungrateful be: In Thee, when Young, I found
The Prop and Sanction of a Name renown'd;
Yet rude to Art, and while in Life untry'd,
Thy Precepts form'd, thy Vertue was my Guide.

In

In different Orbs, what different Hopes we wear !
 How chang'd our Passions, and revers'd our Care !
 When to the Shades the Great and Good are born,
 The Shades rejoice, the while the Living mourn ;
 While we repine on Earth for MARLBRO's Fate,
Elysium triumphs in a Guest so great :
 A greater, GARTH, ne're reach'd those Realms before !
 O hail him to the bright unclouded Shore ;
 Hail thy great Friend ! That Title shalt thou claim,
 And no inglorious Part of CHURCHILL's Fame !
 On Earth, the Hero's Glory strung thy Lays,
 And still wert thou the Herald of his Praise :
 For thy lov'd MARLBRO', yet thy Care employ,
 And point him out among the Lawns of Joy ;
 Let every Warlike Shade the Leader view ;
 A Name so Glorious, and a Shade so New !
 Ev'n to the Ghosts, that purpled o're with Blood
Ramillia's Fields, and swell'd the *Danube's* Flood ;
 Ev'n to the *Gallic* Ghosts their Conqueror show ;
 Alate how dreaded ! now, no more their Foe !

Methinks, I see in Throngs the airy Host,
 Ambitious who shall praise the Stranger most !

How

How do they eye the fair Majestic Form !
 And lo ! the Hero-shades around him swarm !
 His Ancestry and Titles these enquire,
 What Mother bore, and Mortal if his Sire ;
 His Life's Recesses those beseech to know,
 With Pleasures how indulg'd, or pain'd with Woe :
 While some with ambient Wreaths his Brow adorn ;
 Names, old in Song, e're *England's* Chief was born !
 In early Days who Tyrants did restrain ;
 For Prowess unexcel'd 'till *Anna's* Reign !
 See *Nassau*, crown'd with Laurels, Welcome bring !
 Mankind's Deliverer ! *Britain's* boasted King !
 With vertuous Joy, in MARLBRO', does he see
 Whate're he was, and all he wish'd to be ;
 In MARLBRO', to the Shades he sees descend
 A Chief, a Prince, a Subject, and a Friend ;
 The rising Hero oft he wont to bless,
 And from his Vertues augur'd his Success.

Much did I mourn, my Friend, thy parting Breath ;
 But more I mourn thy Loss, since CHURCHILL's Death :
 Had'st thou, O GARTH, surviv'd that Godlike Name,
 (Nor Thou, nor He, shall be surviv'd in Fame)
 How had'st thou talk'd thy Hero's Vict'ries o're,
 Unequal'd, tho' forbid to vanquish more !

How had thy Tongue describ'd the *Flandrian* Plains!
 The Months of Glory, and the great Campaigns!
 In fresh Description, hourly, *France* had bled,
 And every Day defeated *Villars* fled;
 The Name of MARLBRO' th' ecchoing Walls around
 Had heard, and vaulted Roofs beat back the Sound.

Shall I not lead thee to the Victor's Tomb!
 An awful March, and thro' a Length of Gloom!
 In Sable-Triumph, lo! the Standard born!
 The Martial Horse, and Battle-Trophies mourn!
 The gleaming Armour view, and Ensigns round!
 Hark, the hoarse Drum and solemn Ordnance found!
 With Looks how downcast march the Soldier-Throng!
 How slowly moves the Mourning War along!
 Not so, returning Home from vanquish'd Foes,
 They look'd:---There, MARLBRO's great Successor goes,
 And midst his Glory droops! This, this, is He,
 To whom our Hero's Wreaths his Stars decree!
 Should Fate again fill *Europe* with Alarms,
 He shall revive the Fame of *British* Arms;
 Ordain'd to be, if Poets may divine,
 In such an Age, what CHURCHILL was in thine.

So on the Tree, to *Proserpine* consign'd,
 The Bough, with glittering Leaves and golden Rind,
 Pluck'd

Pluck'd from the Trunk, another Bough behold !
 Springs in its room, the Rind and Leaf of Gold ;
 Like to the first, and scarce discern'd for New ;
 The same the Value ; one the radiant Hue.

To mortal Men, too rash, we may not give,
 O GARTH ! the Name of Happy, while they live ;
 For Fortune oft does human Ills foreflow,
 And after longest Calms come Wrecks of Woe :
 The Son of Victory now consign'd to Rest,
 How may we praise his Lot, and call him blest !
 His Fortune gently, as the Cedar grows,
 Up-grew, and with his rising Vertues rose ;
 By easy Steps he climb'd secure to Fame ;
 No sudden Wonder, nor unpromis'd Name !
 His smiling Hopes no adverse Wind did blast ;
 And seventy Winters bless'd him, as they past :
 Great lasting Joys and slender Grievs he bare,
 His Joys thick-scatter'd, and his Sorrows rare :
 The Smiles of Monarchs grac'd his Bloom of Life,
 The loveliest Offspring, and the fairest Wife :
 Esteem, and Trust, and Favour, and Applause,
 Pursu'd his manly Zeal for *William's* Cause ;
 His riper Years, in Triumphs fruitful, ran,
 And Glory clos'd the Scene, which Love began.

At

At last he rests with Thee, O sacred Bard!
 Unreach'd by Envy, and above Reward!
 Renew'd, in purple Beauty, does he shine;
 A brighter Bloom! and fresh with Health Divine:
 So Graceful look'd he, and so Fair to view,
 In Youth, e're Camps and crimson Fields he knew,
 E're yet he thought on Glory, gain'd in 'Arms,
 Or any Conquests, but of Female Charms.

Enjoy, ye happy Shades, your quiet Seat:
 To you the Gods permit a safe Retreat;
 Soft Odours round you Skies ambrosial shed;
 No Shelves have you to shun, nor Storms to dread:
 We roam about, by various Chances cross'd,
 Still from one Fortune to another tost;
 To many Harms and Perils we survive,
 With Hatred, and with Envy doom'd to strive;
 The Pangs of balk'd Ambition do we prove,
 The jealous Torments, and the Rage of Love;
 With open Arms the treacherous Friend embrace,
 Or doat upon the wily Harlot's Face;
 A thousand Wants, unsatisfy'd, we moan,
 And feel a thousand Sorrows, not our own.
 These Ills are ours; they touch not thy Repose;
 No longer dost thou pine for human Woes;

No more do'st hear, amidst unchang'd Delights,
What *Cinna*, in the Lust of Nonsense, writes.

On flow'ry Beds, Meseems, I see thee lie,
While young immortal Maids pass smiling by,
Close at thy Feet, while Rivulets flow of Wine,
And *Sappho* flights her *Phaon* to be thine!
Or to thy *Ovid* thou do'st, pleas'd, relate
Thy Country's Story, and its envy'd Fate;
A chosen Spot, with Ocean compass'd round!
The Land of Beauty, and for War renown'd!
How fam'd for Arts! In Genius how refin'd!
What Wealth, what Empire by the Waves and Wind!
The Forest-Oak, and the strong-hearted Steed!
The proud-arm'd Fleets! And Men, a Godlike Breed,
From Dardan *Brutus*! Spirits uncontrol'd!
A generous Offspring, Hardy, Wise, and Bold!
What civil Conflicts, and what stern Debates
For Liberty, and Tyrants' headlong Fates!
The Sea's green Floods how oft with Crimfon stain'd!
What rescu'd States, and distant Trophies gain'd!
If this thy Theme; on CHURCHILL's every Deed
Thy Tongue shall dwell and boast of *Europe* freed;
Still in thy Thought his Battles shall prevail,
And *Blenheim* never wander from the Tale;

Lo ! thy lov'd *Roman* Friend with Rapture hears
 The Triumphs of those Ten great rolling Years!
 While every Year in Toil with Ages vies,
 And Scenes, with Wonder more replete, arise,
 Then all the Changes in his feigning Lays,
 Deduc'd from Nature's Birth to *Cæsar's* Days.

O think not, learn'd *Machaon*, I reveal
 A Heart too cold, or want *Hortensio's* Zeal,
 If I resign our mighty CHURCHILL's Name,
 Unus'd to soar, and fearful for my Fame:
 To lower Themes my unambitious Lyre
 Is tun'd, and humbler Praises I require;
 Let *Steele* immortal *Mildenheim* sustain,
 And trace his Story in the *Livian* Strain;
 While I the Subject, to his Pen assign'd,
 But lightly touch, and follow far behind.

Oft, if I judge aright, thy Master Lays
 Alarm *Elisian* Groves with MARLBRO's Praise;
 And oft, O Poet, *England's* Triumphs swell
 The Song, and tremble on thy *British* Shell!
 For Dying changes but the Organic Frame;
 The Self-immortal Soul exists the same;
 What Passions e're, confin'd to Clay, we know,
 Pursue us to the Myrtle Groves below;
 Whate're

Whate'er does please, while Pilgrims we remain,
 Shall in another Being please again:
 Great *Maro* still the lofty Epic charms,
 And *Turnus* takes Delight in shining Arms;
 In *Archimedes'* Thought do Figures roll,
 While *Horace* revels o're the Nectar-Bowl;
 In *Dido's* amorous Breast its Flame returns,
 And *Cleveland* for some other CHURCHILL burns.

From Joys of Paradise with-held too long,
 A Moment yet, attend the ling'ring Song,
 While thy lov'd Poet's Marble I explore,
 And the proud Fane, but half adorn'd before!
 Without a Tomb, 'till late, forgot he lay,
 While the Muse mourn'd, and Ages wore away;
 At length the Stone, so long delay'd, is rear'd:
 An awful Image, and a Front rever'd!
 No Verse engrav'd records at large his Fame;
 But *Dryden's* Epitaph is *Dryden's* Name.

In Bowers of Roses by his Side reclin'd,
 O! what Delights o'reflow thy ravish'd Mind!
 No Fraud molests Thee now, nor any Crime
 Pollutes the Beauty of that guiltless Clime;
 No Falshood, there, the heedless Heart beguiles;
 Nor hidden Hatred wears dissembled Smiles;

No

No awkward Pride is there, of humble Birth;
 Nor shining Affluence, gay with thoughtless Mirth;
 No Fools of Fortune, giddy with Success;
 No little teizing Wits, admir'd by less;
 No hard'ned Gripes, nor Earth-Worms, urg'd by Fate,
 Against their creeping Genius, to be Great;
 But, there, eternal Freshness Zephyrs bring,
 And all the Year is temper'd into Spring;
 There, Men, who liv'd upright like thee, reside;
 There, the brave Legion, that for Freedom dy'd;
 Whoe're in Arts polite divinely wrought,
 And pious Priests, that *Hoadley's* Doctrines taught;
 And they, who Vertue, sunk in Ills, sustain'd,
 And Bards inspir'd; and Kings, like *George*, that reign'd,

Farewel; It may be, I shall see, or seem
 To see thee in some soft delightful Dream:
 Farewel; O! ever to Remembrance dear!
 Of Poets first, and most of Men sincere!

F I N I S.